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The Burial

A short story by Jared Michael Bryer.

When I think about childhood, my memories are full of lazy summer days spent reading or playing baseball. In the retrospect of maturity, I tend to focus on the happy memories that make me want to be a kid again. But there is one part of my childhood that will never leave me. I don't have the red jacket anymore, I lost it when my mom and I moved. But it came to mind one day and I felt a terrible longing to have it again. It was a symbol of the time when everything changed. My perspective when I found it was young and inexperienced, but I learned something from finding it. The jacket was gone now, but I guess the things it represented will always be with me.

It had been one of those brisk autumn days when the sky is littered with dark clouds, but you were sure that it would not rain. The wind was strong, and pulled at our jackets as we emerged from school. The rushing air buffeted against our bodies, trying to push us back into the building. A long and boring series of lessons had made us edgy and left us with an uneasy feeling that usually accompanies impatient waiting. But Friday's classes had come and gone and I was no longer stuck in Mrs. Smith's classroom.

We left the school with the rest of the crowd. Groups of smaller children hoarded around, telling each other stories continued on page 8...

Principal's Column

You have a part to play in your own under-graduate experience.

by Frank Cunningham

Two years ago students under the leadership of then ICSS President, Melanie Campbell, conducted a survey of the under-graduate experience in the classroom. It may not surprise readers of the Herald to learn that they found much dissatisfaction. Recurrent problems reported were: bad teaching and inaccessible instructors; too many large and impersonal classes; and difficulty in meeting requirements due to unavailability of courses. In this column I shall address teaching, where I think students can take both modest/individual measures and ambitious/collective ones.

Learning from bad teachers

I recall grousing to one of my best professors about the quality of teaching in the department on the part of some other professors. His reaction was to turn the tables and tell me that a really good student is one who can learn from a bad teacher. This is the most modest and individualistic thing a student can do faced with bad teaching. It means figuring out what such teachers actually know and listening for or trying to pry this knowledge out of them.

Or it means learning from negative example, that is, attending to what makes some teachers bad communicators, thus learning how to avoid this yourself in social interactions generally. You may not learn much about the subject of the course, but at least you'll come out of it with something useful. Also in this category is using the experi-

ence of a teacher whose command of the language of instruction is poor to practice understanding heavily accented English. This, too, is a valuable skill in a multicultural country.

Treat your professor like a rat

One of my courses as a first-year student was large, early, and seated alphabetically such that I was in direct sight of the professor—a boring lecturer who with barely concealed contempt for the class. The seating also wedged me between two other students (Ms. Cummings and Ms. Cunningham) who were, well, zofüg (“pleasingly plump”). Thus

comforted, I fell asleep each lecture in full view of this professor.

It happened that this was a psychology course taught from a Behavioristic perspective, which attends to how comportment, such as of laboratory rats, is conditioned through positive and negative reinforcement. In retrospect it has occurred to me that had I not slept through the course, I might have learned how I could have helped to condition the professor in just the way he described the conditioning of the rats. If I and other students had at least stayed awake and looked at him, better yet asked

continued on page 2...

Party! Party! Party!
(We're having a party!)

You're invited!

Cheap drinks, open mic.

March 1st, Doors open at 9pm.
Regal Beagle (335 Bloor St. W.)



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Bread and Circuits

Editor Stephanie Silverman implores us to not forget our own.

In his modern classic, *Generation X: Tales for An Accelerated Culture*, Douglas Coupland defines the phrase "bread and circuits" as "The electronic era tendency to view party politics as comely – no longer relevant or meaningful or useful to modern societal issues, and in many cases dangerous." While he may have been intending the inclusion of this admittedly obscure definition as funny or ironic, I think that it certainly runs true. Think about it: if you try to talk about your beef with the Liberals or Jack Layton's campaign for NDP leadership, you are often met with the pooh-poohing of your peers. This is because many of us feel that the relative importance of domestic politics is piling more everyday with the impending threat of nuclear war and/or famine and/or AIDS etc., etc. I feel, however, that by overlook-

ing our own politics, we are neglecting ourselves. Yes, war with Iraq is definitely worth fighting to prevent. Of course, globalization is a heated issue and its effects will eventually involve us whether we protest it or not. Homelessness, the budget, health care, education, and the host of other national concerns that are not being discussed in favour of the "wider" problems are nevertheless equally determinant of our future and should not be neglected. I am not saying that we should put our cultural blinders back on again and return to days of central-mindedness to forget about the outside world; rather, I implore you not to forget about our domestic concerns while lobbying for those of a global merit and to understand that just because they're Canadian, does not mean they're boring.

ICSS Formal, Graduation and Blueberry Pies

by Jacky Sin with help from Esther Chan

We took a blank 8½" by 11" sheet of ruled paper and tired to write about the Innis Formal for the Herald. To those who have faculties of reason, logic and sanity, that's not a hard task; but to us, we assure you, this endeavour was damn near a trial of a lifetime. Yet amidst the grave landscape of half eaten crayons and a sea of abstract and obscene pencil drawings, we bring to you this timely, intelligent, and very tasty article. If you permit us, ladies and gentlemen, we will now share with you, from the ashes of our brain cells, the monthly ICSS update:

While other colleges will boast about their formals held in Motel Fours, the Innis College Formal Committee has arranged for our formal to be held at the Four Seasons Hotel in Downtown Toronto. This formal will be enchanted; this formal will be under the sea; so, because of the lack of creativity, this formal will be called Enchantment under the Sea and will be held on Friday February the 7th. All Innis College students and guests are invited and tickets will cost fifty dollars per person.

The evening will begin with a reception held at the Four Seasons starting at 6:30pm, and the dinner will begin at 7:30pm. The menu will be a three course parade of culinary delights, starting with soup, salad and a choice of filet mignon or grilled Atlantic salmon. In addition to the meal, there will also be a dessert table with a near infinite combination of sweet sweet sweets. For all vegans and vegetarians - don't worry, we forgive you - we have arranged an evening with foods as inspiring as the regular dinner. In addition, we will feature a professional photographer, a ballroom dance floor and musical accompaniment (that means a hardcore DJ, not Cousin Danny with an accordion). Tickets for the formal will be on sale from January 13th to the 24th, come to the Innis Residence and buzz room 704 if you wish to purchase a ticket. Additional times and locations will be posted at the Innis College.

Principal's Column ...continued from the front page.

questions (other than, "Will this be on the exam?"), and in general showed some enthusiasm for the course, he might, through operate conditioning, have gotten more into it himself and sympathetic to the students.

Collective action

As in most pervasive problems, these modest and individual measures are easy to take, but have limited effects. The bad or indifferent teaching problem would be ameliorated if there were opportunities, or better, requirements for attending workshops and courses on teaching (or, indeed, ESL instruction) and if bad teaching counted significantly against someone, for instance in merit pay, no matter how strong a research record he or she had. Dramatic progress would be made if evidence of both enthusiasm for teaching and ability to do it well were demanded of all new faculty hired to the same degree that evidence of research potential is now required.

Some professors and administrators do favour such measures, but they cannot carry the day unless there is widespread and organized student demand. Informal advocacy and action through such as faculty councils or the Academic Board could have some effect. In my view the most important venue is the departments (and, not to let the college programs off the hook, colleges). A survey of those departments that take teaching seriously in a systematic way would, I think, reveal that this has been largely a result of active student involvement through department governing structures when they include students and/or through pressures exerted by active student clubs.

Reactions

I'd like to get reactions to these and other matters raised in these columns, ideas for other columns, or ideas or questions about anything else students would like to discuss. To this end, as an experiment, I made myself available in the Innis Café once a week last term. But the experiment failed as nobody ever turned up (boo hoo). So this term I instead suggest that any ideas be communicated to me by e-mail: fcunning@chass.utoronto.ca.

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Mentoring Program Continues to Inspire Students

by Mae-Yu Tan

Almost three years after its introduction, a series of discussion groups on careers with Innis students and friends of the College is still going strong. The Innis Mentoring Discussion Groups program that began in April, 2000, has continued each year, focusing on such popular topics as Social Services Careers, Words in Print and Media, and Careers in Law.

Two intimate sessions were held in the 2002 Fall term, organized jointly by the Office of Alumni and Community Relations and the Office of the Coordinator of Student Services and Registrar. On Tuesday, 12 November 2002, Professor Dennis Duffy inspired the small gathering with his encouraging words about ways in which students can improve their communication skills, an important step when working towards a career in communications. Using humorous examples, he explained that it is important to develop one's imagination as a means of expanding reading, writing and speaking skills. Professor Duffy also emphasized the value of putting to use acquisition and retention skills as part of this process. He revealed that over the years he has committed to memory a large collection of lyrics of 50's pop tunes, which has foolishly led some to believe that he has a deep knowledge of American pop culture. He gave many practical suggestions as to how one might develop the skills, including reviewing one's day and planning for the next before going to sleep.

Making reference to J-Lo and Eminem, Professor Duffy suggested to those in attendance that they should become more attentive to their surroundings. He explained that by being interested in many things, budding communicators can develop new ideas. Students were encouraged to simply start writing, and not to be selective about what they write. As well, he invited them to look for many opportunities to speak in public as a means of honing their skills. He ended the session by advising students to "be persistent and bury discouragement."

The theme of exploring new ideas and remaining open to unexpected opportunities was continued in the second mentoring discussion group held on Tuesday, 19 November 2002. Ms. Bernice Hines (a Later Life Learning member) and Dr. Earl Silverman (Innis alumnus and father of an Innis student) spoke about their careers in the life sciences. The students present, who had interests in genetics, medicine, graduate studies and

research in life/health sciences, had a special opportunity to learn from these two mentors. Dr. Silverman urged them to develop many interests and explore different areas, including the social sciences and humanities along with the sciences, before settling on a specific field of study. He stated that bright students are often capable of excelling in many different areas, and that one influencing factor can often be an inspiring mentor who shares his/her excitement over one research area.

These two guest speakers were most generous in sharing their own experiences with those in attendance. Ms. Hines pointed out to students that techniques learned and skills developed in classes and labs have direct applications. She gave an example of how she used chemical analysis tests as part of her work at a Campbell's Soup laboratory shortly after graduating from U of T. She also told students that it can be most rewarding to be able to excel at a particular job. She disclosed that this was one of the things she enjoyed about working in her position as a Physiology Tutor at U of T. She encouraged students to consider careers such as teaching and spoke of the rewards of working with students.

The mentors encouraged students to consider going abroad to work or study if the opportunity presented itself, as they felt it broadened their perspectives and gave them unique experiences. It was interesting that, although both Dr. Silverman and Ms. Hines had lived abroad in the U.S., as well as Australia and England respectively, they decided for family reasons to return home to Toronto to live and work. Communication, organization, and computer skills, as well as the ability to work in teams, were some of the most valuable skills the mentors felt students should be sure to develop.

All students are welcome to attend the discussion groups planned for the 2003 Winter term. Those interested are asked to sign up in advance by sending an email to registrar.innis@utoronto.ca or contacting the Office of the COSSAR, Innis College, room 117. The sessions listed below will be held in Room 313, Innis College.

Tuesday, 11 March 2003 1-2:30 p.m.,
Teaching & Education-Related Careers
Lisa Koivu (9T0) & Joanne Colbourne

Date in March 2003 TBA, Business
Joel Porter

Alas, we must confess,
We've changed our e-mail address.
It's the simplest thing around.
So go and write it down!

innis.herald@utoronto.ca

Community

Pub Night Photos



ICSS held its Frost Week Pub Night on Thursday, January 9th. Despite an initially small turn-out, as the night wore on the Innis College Café was soon packed and happenin'. Drink flowed, many a groove was "gotten on," and the winter blahs were staved off for another day.

Opinion

Where art thou, Opinion Editor?

Concerned party Michele Costa delves into the mystery that is Steven Jug.

Some of you may have found yourself recently thinking, "Where, oh where did Steve Jug go?" (Or perhaps you were saying it out loud, to others, and if so THAT is why everyone keeps getting off the elevator when you get on) You may have noticed that Mr. Jug's presence is lacking from the Herald, and I am here to tell you why. It's a sad and harrowing tale but it can also be a lesson to us all, and it is for that reason that I am sharing this heartbreaking story with you Herald readers, for Steve Jug is lost...in history.

Now we all know Steve had a penchant for history, specifically Soviet history, which is why he spent so much time reading books...or at least carrying them around, and why he hasn't had time to shop for new pants since 1987. He sure liked his history...a little too much. What few knew, however, is that Steve also had a very serious interest in engineering. This is why he spent so many years at Innis, bravely putting up with the constant annoying presence of those less intelligent than him. He was working on a plan. He was dreaming. He was building. He was MAKING A TIME MACHINE.

See, I once caught him with a Ouija board, talking to Lenin, but I thought, "Boys will be boys" and didn't give it a second thought. I will have to live with that regret now.

Steve built his machine out of dinner forks and CD cases, (from all the bands that simply weren't as good as Tool). He strapped on his bicycle helmet, set the machine to 1921, aimed East, and got in, smiling as he imagined folk dancing with Tukachevsky, and vodka shots with Bukharin: Oh the good times he would have! The music of Dimitri Shostakovich would play; it would be a magical whirlwind of Communism and new economic policy, all set in Petrograd-ian landscape. (From what I understand...Steve really did talk a lot.)

And just as its not like Steve Jug to fail at anything, his machine worked: those forks could fly! We'll never know if Steve ever made it to his Bolshevik paradise. For all we know he's stuck somewhere in the '80s, striking a pose in fashionable pants. But he has left our world, our time, and we will simply have to find someone else to explain the workings of the universe to us in one long run-on sentence without ever taking a breath. If you think you see Steve Jug, walking down the street, carrying a book, randomly spouting the word "zot," just

look away. It can't be. It's all over. We all must let go.



Steve Jug holding a model for his Time Machine.



Artist's rendition of how Steve probably looked when he realized his mission was a success.



Steve in his glory days.

Shit or Get Off the Pot

by Olympe de Gouges

There are a number of generic topics this piece could address. That is, any number of current events of relevance to either university students or Toronto residents. To the less capable, there are the national and international events that provide limitless ammunition. Such as the manifold bankruptcy of Paul Martin as a leader (ethical, political, intellectual, etc.), or the gross inconsistencies and hypocrisies of US. But really, mastering the obvious can be and is done elsewhere in these pages. One issue worth addressing, and which receives such partisan and ignorant coverage in the beloved national news paper, derived from that of father of confederation George Brown (what would this piece be without an obscure historical reference?), is that of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's proposed campaign finance reform. The fact that columnists would question the sense of paying \$30 million dollars to enhance our archaic and trivial democracy is as unsurprising as it is vulgar. Of course, what can you really expect from columnists? Views that reflect their creators, which are accordingly unoriginal and uninformed, from what I've observed... The author will end her digression here, and move on to less parochial concerns.

As far as an opinion goes, that presented here can be summarized as follows: as the author reaches the end of her undergraduate career, she does not like what she sees. Despite the more or less tireless efforts of the Herald staff, the opinions presented in the paper continue to be unexceptional. The problem, as the author perceives it, is one of originality, along the lines of the former editor's piece on radicalism and questioning

assumptions. Frankly, that sort of thinking has yet to be attempted. In fact, the opinions presented have been little more than apologies for the status quo or bizarre abstractions that are best saved for pseudo-intellectual bar conversations. Obviously, the learned ignoramuses (see Jose Ortega y Gasset) of the engineering and science disciplines may be forgiven, but those in the humanities and social sciences have little excuse. Anyone who attends the Vanity fairs (Daniel's term is still perfectly descriptive) that the students' representatives organize demonstrates the bankruptcy of the colleges' culture. Really, the need to relax for the students (especially the non-science/engineer types, but also those of the latter who do little work until mid-term approach) is laughable. Student's lives are fabulous, and only stressful as a result of poor time management skills. Regardless, students are only exceptional for the degree to which they conform. Call the author a pessimist, or dismiss her comments with some self-serving liberal apologies, but the students are no longer the unpredictable force they once were. One doesn't have to read Descartes' Discourse on Method (1637) and understand radical doubt to come up with something original, but it would likely help. If it must be said, the submissions here, all too effectively representing the college, lack any significant ideas. The title refers to this point, for those who'd like an explanation. Circumstances prevent the author from discussing this further. Then again, the point will be lost on all but a certain member of the Governor General's Foot Guard, whatever that means...

The Hot List

Ryan Mercer, tired of people asking him how to be cool, puts forth this issue's definitive guide.

Disclaimer: At a very young age I realized I had a choice: to be made a slave to cool, or to make cool be a slave to me. I chose the latter, and that has made all the difference.

1. Clone High: At first, I laughed at it. Now, I laugh with it. A cartoon based on the so-called lives of famous clones and their problems i.e. Gandhi has ADD. Say Whaaaaaaaat? Soon to be more popular than water.

2. Crack: Is both back, and wack. Discuss.

3. July 2, 2003: Get over your Canada Day hangovers and head straight to the theatre for the world's greatest release date: Terminator 3 and Legally Blonde 2. Definitive proof of the existence of God, or possibly Satan.

4. Skipping the last fifteen minutes of 25th Hour to see the last twenty-five minutes of The Hours: Take your



passion and make it happen.

5. Elliott Smith double-album due by Summer: Dear Elliott, sing sweetly about snack addicts and how much you hate yourself and we will get along fine.

6. Loudly arguing about the last scene in Donnie Darko with a Blockbuster clerk, until he finally breaks down and admits he has never seen the movie: Priceless. Literally, as in it costs nothing.

7. New Radiohead in June: When your first child enters high school, and asks with hope in his/her voice as to whether you liked the band Radiohead when you were young, say yes or pay for the therapy.

8. Using the excuse "I ate some bad Sushi" for every one of your shortcomings: Surprisingly effective.

9. Tuning into the opening credits of That 70s Show for the sole purpose of singing along with the Big Star theme song while playing windmill air guitar: Both incredibly sexy and completely normal.

10. Formulating the quick yet painful deaths of the smart kids in Tutorial during Tutorial: Both incredibly normal and completely sexy.

FIN

It's Time to Legalize Gay Marriage

Stephen Hutchison suggests that try as they might, social conservatives cannot stop progress.

During 2002, the forces of gay rights won three resounding victories in Canadian courts. The first came before the end of the 2001-2002 school year, when a gay teenager attending a Catholic school in Ontario won the right to take his boyfriend to the senior prom. Before the summer could end, another win was scored: an Ontario court ruled that denying gay couples marriage licenses was unconstitutional. Most recently, a Vancouver public school's ban of books pertaining to same-sex couples was overturned by a British Columbia court. With these successes, as 2003 begins, it becomes increasingly obvious that those opposed to gay rights are fighting a losing battle.

It is likely that the debate over legalizing gay marriage is going to gain prominence in Canada in 2003; just last week for example, Sheila Copps delivered what many journalists called a "campaign speech" in which she called for gay

marriage to be legalized. Ontario Premier Ernie Eves and federal Justice Minister Martin Cauchon have also indicated their support for gay marriage. There is little doubt that Ralph Klein, his satellites in the Canadian Alliance, and many others will oppose the idea vigorously.

The opposition to gay marriage is founded upon the erroneous assumption that banning gay marriage is an act of protection for traditional family values, and a defense of the family as an institution. The Canadian Alliance, for example, has a Shadow Cabinet portfolio for "Family Issues," which lobbies the government on social conservative issues such as the continued ban of gay marriage (the Alliance also has a Shadow Cabinet portfolio specifically for "Firearms" to give you an idea of where their priorities lie). Opposed to this, there is far greater evidence to suggest that the real threat to family values is the evolution of the Western life-style.

In his article *Bowling Alone*: America's Declining Social Capital, political scientist Robert Putnam identifies a phenomenon that he describes as "the technological transformation of leisure." Putnam argues that the advent of television spurred a "revolution" that began a move towards more technological and, most critically, more individualized forms of entertainment. "In the language of economics, electronic technology enables individual tastes to be satisfied more fully," Putnam writes, "but at the cost of the positive social externalities associated with more primitive

forms of entertaining." Forgiving his typically academic political science jargon, Putnam's point that technological, individualized leisure can prevent opportunities to bond with others is well taken. Putnam goes on to cite statistics to the effect that since the 1960s when the television rose to popularity, the reported levels of trust that people have in others have plummeted dramatically. Additionally, the more affluent lifestyles of Western countries provide many individuals with little need to rely upon the family as a support system, as would often have been required in the past. These factors combine to make living as an island unto oneself much easier than at any other point in history. The family is not threatened by gay marriage; rather, its relevance is in question in a society where it is, to an extent, no longer necessary. Trying to protect the family by opposing gays is a misdiagnosis of the problem, and is tantamount to treating a virus with antibiotics. Instead of opposing gay marriage, those who wish to preserve the family as an institution would be advised to pursue initiatives that would increase the family's relevance, such as reducing the cost of child-rearing to allow children to be a benefit rather than a liability.

On the issue of the legality of gay marriage, Canadian law seems quite clear. Section 15, subsection 1 of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms reads as follows: "Every individual is equal before and under the law and has the right to the equal protection and equal benefit of the law without discrimination and, in particular, without discrimination based on race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age or mental or physical disability." In the mid 1990s, the Supreme

Court of Canada interpreted this clause to also apply to, and prevent discrimination based on the grounds of, sexual orientation. For those who feel that politicians, and not judges, should write law, the Chretien government passed a resolution not long after the aforementioned Supreme Court decision, which instructed all Canadian courts to interpret sexual-orientation as a ground upon which discrimination cannot occur. Even the Ontario Human Rights Code, passed way back in 1960, specifically condemns discrimination on the grounds of sexual-orientation in its first nine clauses. Canadian law is very explicit that gays are not to be deprived of benefits or treated differently. The legal status of marriage confers a number of benefits, most notably tax credits. It therefore follows that, since gays have the right to equal benefit of the law without discrimination, a ban on gay marriages unlawfully deprives them of those benefits. Given the string of impressive legal victories by the gay community – the Ontario court decision on marriage licenses especially – it would seem as though Canada's judges agree. There is no conceivable legal basis for a ban on gay marriages.

The forces of opposition to gay rights now find themselves in a tenuous position. Judges are increasingly throwing out anti-gay legal arguments, and politicians espousing anti-gay policies usually find themselves defeated by their more tolerant, centrist opponents. In 1841, the French Emperor, Napoleon III, noted that "those who march against the ideas of the day will inevitably be swept aside." If social conservatives continue to oppose gay marriage, they will hopefully soon find themselves swept away by the continued progression of Canada's liberal society.



Lexicography = insufficient descriptions.

First year student Paul Egan learns why we put ourselves through the joy that is University.

Catharsis: /kuh-thar-sis/-n. the release of pent-up emotions. Origin: Greek kathairien 'cleanses'

Passion: -n. an intense enthusiasm for something.

Knowledge: -n. 1. information and skills gained through experience or education. 2. the sum of what is known.

In contemplating my experience of University life over the past few months, I've had the opportunity to reflect upon certain attributes of a life dedicated to learning. We have all suffered the routine: rolling out of bed, showering half-asleep, brewing a pot of "intellectual inspiration," and stumbling across campus to a nine o'clock lecture. How many times throughout this perfunctory activity do any of us consider the question of why we're even here? Here at school; at an institution of "prestigious" higher learning; immersed in a multiplicity of academic routines? These considerations become mere transparencies. Our lives as students appear devoid of any personal

value. A means to a superfluous end.

Amidst the stresses of such a lifestyle, of reading, writing and anxiety, I myself have taken to considering these matters and have been in a constant state of concern. Am I here for the right reasons? If so, how can I affirm these daily concerns as affirmations of my own passionate existence? I suppose the only answer I can offer is the one I've conjured and brooded over in application to myself:

The headaches, the stresses, the consumption of copious amounts of caffeine and nicotine, the tired eyes, the sore hands, and the blistered fingertips, are all signifiers of the affirmation of my life and my epiphany: To live is to learn; approaching academics as not a task or chore, but as an enriching experience of creativity and expression. Education is the single most powerful tool an individual can harness in creating the essence of their existence. "Sleepless nights" and "freak-outs" begin to connote far too negative a description when the pursuit is no longer for a degree or career but knowledge itself. Mental breakdown

translates to mental breakthrough, anxiety becomes cathartic, and the workload creative expression. Monotony becomes situational transcendence. Once conscious of how beautiful this (potential) outlet can be, the horizon inches closer and the proverbial "light of reason" warms every inch of skin. This conscious decision to pursue knowledge for one's own well-being and artistic sake alleviates any prior feelings of inadequacy, intimidation and fear. Life as a student should not translate to a stressful and depressing means to a career. Life itself is the intensely passionate experience of fulfilling one's ambition to live! These scribbled words are my words, and words they are alone. But whether credentials are a concern to some or not, I impart the words of one such credentialed student:

"The acquisition of Knowledge is an end in itself."
-Robert Boyle, 17th century natural philosopher and initiator of theoretical chemistry.

Interested in joining the newly formed Innis College Jazz Band?

We are looking for jazz winds specifically (saxes, brasses) but we might be able to integrate any instrument.

Rehearsals are Monday evenings from approximately 8.15pm to 10pm at a location very near Innis College. There are a few instruments available for use at the location.

Interested?

Email
innisjazzband@yahoo.com
for more details or to sign up.

Film

I Like to Watch Movies (they tell me who I am)

Laura Bil explores the place of film and cinema studies in her life.

Robert Stam: "Cinema is language and not language. It is a discourse with signifying practices."

This article will deal with films and what they mean to me. I went movie crazy and saw six this week. What better way to procrastinate than to fill myself with the imaginings of others? But I can't escape myself: what it comes down to, is that this is an exploration of what the hell I'm doing with my life right now. I'm watching movies.

Christian Metz: "Film became a discourse by organizing itself into a narrative and thus producing a body of signifying procedures."

But how much can you glean in one screening? My discourse is this: I love it because it makes me feel something and all the while questioning something else.

Without caring too much about the story, I watched the twins on screen and remembered spending last week with my brother who lives in New Brunswick. People say we look like twins. And then I remember my father has a fraternal twin sister he hasn't talked to in 20 years.

Maybe that's all the movie meant to me.

But it is the next movie that makes me cry. Was it the story, the greater narrative, or just something personal? Will four years of study take these endorphin producing tears away from me? blah blah... And then Bakhtin says Saussure's about "the static synchronicity of signs which is 'linguistic necrophilia'... or something. Beat all non-diegetic semiotic systems, sign, object and interpretant, diachronic development and double articulation or any other such language I still don't quite get yet. I'm just listening to what's going on in my own little brain for a change. I'm just looking at the pictures and getting what I get until something else makes more sense than that.

Cinema studies are like therapy for the randomly challenged emotionalist.

And that's a good thing, I'm sure of it.

Is This the Real Slim Shady?

Kate Rusnak goes the extra mile in reviewing 8 Mile.

Charismatic and controversial recording artist Eminem hit the big screens not too long ago for his motion picture debut in *8 Mile*. This film was met with harsh skepticism by those who were less than smitten with his brand of fight music. *8 Mile* strives to be true to life and tell the story of rapper turned artist. The question is, who really cares?

8 Mile is set in 1995, Detroit, otherwise known as "The Mo," "Big D," and "Murder City." Eminem and his character, Jimmy Smith, Jr., have both grown up in this city of failed industrial majesty. Jimmy lives in a trailer park on 8 Mile Road at the city's perimeter, which represents the economic and racial polarity between black and white, urban and suburban. Jimmy and his crew, including Mekhi Phifer (Future), live on the hopes of getting the big record deal. This film focuses on hip hop and how its creativity, fast-paced, insightful, and impromptu nature can nurture skills and bridge an emotional void. Rhyme is a weapon and the victory goes to the witty. *8 Mile* is supposed to be about human endurance, about getting by in a tough world where you find your way without letting your talents go to waste. Speaking of which, Eminem should keep singing and stop trying to act.

The fact is, Eminem manages to "get it up" with Brittany Murphy but unfortu-



nately the film never climaxes. With talent like director Curtis Hanson (*L.A. Confidential*, *Wonder Boys*) and Academy Award Winning producer Brian Grazer (*A Beautiful Mind*, *Apollo 13*) one would expect this film to be a clever, character-driven story.

Kim Basinger plays an erringly convincing role as a deadbeat mother to Eminem who has to protect his younger sister from her and her alcoholic boyfriend. But is Eminem really the type of guy you want protecting your children? Aside from poor casting, the film drags between these

scenes of family turmoil and "Jimmy" failing to freestyle at competitions. When the boy can't act, you might want to make him sing. Admirably, the writers did not sell-out their vision to give the film the expected ending of fame and fortune.

Regrettably, *8 Mile*'s slow-pace cries for some kind of action that exists neither in character nor plot. Eminem continues to shock his music listeners, but in this case, he bores moviegoers. But hey, "Every moment is another chance," right? Let's hope not.

Maid for Love?

Rebecca Lee reviews Maid in Manhattan.

J. Lo is beautiful and Ralph Fiennes (pronounced "Raif"...something my ESL teacher never taught me, obviously there is a glitch in the system) is cute, in an older-man kind of way. So what could possibly go wrong? You have to watch *Maid in Manhattan* to know the answer for this one, or better yet, I'll tell you.

No sparks, no chemistry, no substance, no good.

What I wanted was, even for an hour, to be taken to a place where romance and true love were something tangible. Yes, this is merely a movie, but a girl sometimes just wants to dream and be swept away by images of Prince Charming.

Here's a quick summary: J.Lo plays a single mother who works as a maid in a high-class New York hotel. Ralph Fiennes

plays the charming and wealthy politician who sweeps her off her feet. A typical Cinderella story transformed to fit our time. The plot was too cliché, and the manner in which the two love-birds met was too unrealistic for my liking. I won't ruin it by going into details for those of you who still want to watch it, but an expensive designer outfit plays a big role. Who says money and love don't coincide?

What I learned from this movie is that J. Lo is still from "the Block"; a normal girl raised by modest means but who comes

across great fortune, mostly due to her physical beauty (brains obviously count for beans). This movie merely plays as a reminder that love *does* cost a thing, otherwise her Prince Charming would have been, let's say, a teacher - highly respected but making a few less G's.

So, here it is: save your money, and if you need that fix of love go watch *Two Weeks Notice*. Your money will be better spent there and you will enjoy yourself a whole lot more.



**Oh my gosh!
What a delight.
The Herald's got
a new website.**

<http://innisherald.sa.utoronto.ca/>

Captivating Robots

Kitana Ananda describes the monstrous creation of *Captured! By Robots* and an interview gone wrong.

I confess: I did it for the robots.

Seated quietly at a Herald meeting with few ideas in mind, I decided it might be best to take an assignment. At the sound of "robots" my hand shot into the air, independent of conscious thought. Robots!!!

Wait... what about them?

I quickly learned that I had just volunteered myself to interview a one man, four robot band of whom I knew nothing about. What was to be a 'phoner' turned into a real, live meeting. With little interviewing experience under my proverbial belt, I vowed to prepare myself in anticipation of this most unsettling event.

Of course, when I arrive at the Tequila Lounge on a sedate Sunday (in late October), everything is in disarray. Confusion reigns as the small crowd asks each other "Where's JBOT?" on my behalf. I'm jostled about the room, from one willing navigator to another, until I return full circle to the bar from whence I came. Upon arrival, the notorious subject of discussion appears before me, as if by magic teleportation. When the dust clears, pleasantries are exchanged and JBOT asks, "Do you want to hear something crazy?"

My curiosity piqued, I think: *Well, sure. Who doesn't?*

Before I can respond, this natural self-promoter leans in to regale me with his hard-luck tale of a broken down van sitting inertly on the QEW, 90 kilometres outside Toronto. With no place to stay, little cash to repair his transmission, and a show in London the next night, JBOT is caught between a rock and a hard place. I express my concern, but before we can discuss his problem any further, he's interrupted by pressing concerns about tonight's show. He excuses himself to attend to the merchandise, the promoter, and the other bands. I wait patiently, trying not to gravitate towards the bar in light of tomorrow's midterm.

Captured! By Robots (<http://www.capturedbyrobots.com>) is the brainchild of Jay Vance, a musician from San Francisco. Formerly of ska bands, Skankin' Pickle and the Blue Meanies, Vance, also known as JBOT, formed CIBR in 1996 as a solo project, only to find his human rule thwarted by robotic resistance.

JBOT returns, but before I can sit him down for a straightforward interview, he suggests taking a peek at the robots. With childlike enthusiasm, Vance lifts a veil of blankets, uncovering the monstrous creatures that purportedly run the show. Despite their reliance on his loving care, the robots are boss on and off-stage. He is emphatically clear about this. "I'm *Captured!* By Robots" — both literally and figuratively." He attributes this to his own disagreeable character, noting "Robots are easier to work with than humans."

Or so he thought.

Vance's ever-expanding band of angry bots began with DRMBOT 0110, AUTOMATOM, and GTRBOT666, arguably the backbone, brains, and mouth of the operation. On stage, the latter can't resist a jibe at his human creator's intelligence. "You stupid fucking fuck!"



GTRBOT screams as a preface to the profusion of emotional abuse spilling forth from his aluminum lips. Unable to take this constant humiliation alone, JBOT covertly built the heart of CIBR, The Ape Which Hath No Name (TAWHNN). The Ape's progeny, Son of TAWHNN rounds out the bunch; he spreads the rainbow-hued, ice cream sprinkled message of his cuddly paternal unit with tiny cymbals.

Although he attended college to study music, Vance's engineering skills are self-taught. With excitement, he explains how he put the robots together himself. The result is a surprisingly organic working band of metal-playing metal.

In live performance, the apparent autonomy of JBOT's captors creates an arena for masochistic self-reappraisal. The human master, dressed in bondage gear

and chains, willingly subjects himself to humiliation and enslavement by these robots in revolt. JBOT's histrionic responses confront, puzzle, intrigue, and amuse his audience; his interaction with them marked by equal parts affiliation and misanthropic disdain. As he leaps and flails about the scattered crowd, wailing "I

HATE YOUR TECHNO!" one wonders: Is he talking to me?

JBOT hopes the music will stand on its own, yet the effect is more performance art freakout than rock show. As the night wears on, the audience dwindles; songs glom together in one homogenous mass of three chords. Those who remain contribute to a cup placed precariously at the end of the stage to see the band safely to their next show. Openers Hot Carl and Gash kindly donate their share of the night's pay.

Typical rock n' roll

philanthropy at work, you might say. But it's not typical. Most of the recipients aren't human.

By night's end, the cranky robots are safely tucked into their blankets, the merch guy is off somewhere doing acid with a Hot Carl groupie, and JBOT is exhausted with no relief in sight. Consumed with the arduous task of finding a place to stay in the wee hours of a Monday morning, he understandably has no time to sit down for an interview. I ask if there is anything else he would like me to know. He wearily replies, "Just don't make me look stupid. Please?" With that, the tormented slave of techno lust-hate bids me adieu to clear one more stage of rubber-coated effluvia.

It ain't easy being *Captured!* By Robots.

Get Your Root On

Arts writer Katherine Mackenzie discovers the talent of crooner, Melissa Ferrick.

Melissa Ferrick is a musician who stretches all the boundaries. She is a musician whose style is difficult to define, but whose work is exciting and easily accessible. I went to her show on November 22nd at the Rivoli with low expectations as a result of not hearing any of her work prior to her performance. In fact, I went to the show to see her opening act, 19 year old Serena Ryder from Peterborough. Serena is a folk and blues artist with a voice that seems old and powerful. The five songs she performed went by much too quickly for my liking. If I had known who Melissa Ferrick was, and what her music was like, I

would have gone even if Serena Ryder hadn't been playing that night. Melissa Ferrick rocked the house. On her dulcinated, plugged in acoustic, with Brian the barefoot drummer alongside, she filled the

Rivoli with hody-moving sound. It was a powerful performance. The back of my ticket declared "If you've not heard Melissa before, this description may help a bit. Toss Shawn Colvin, Melissa Etheridge, Dave Matthews, and Sheryl Crow in a blender, and pour a tall glass of Melissa Ferrick." I was dubious of this name-dropping, rather illustrious description, but she delivered. The show flew by with lightning-quick guitar, and lyrics thrown out far faster than I could take them in.

Although high energy, the set was lacking in diversity. Love was definitely the dominant topic, and some of the songs tended to blend together so as to become almost indistinguishable from one another. Then again, there's only so much you can do with a lone guitar and a drumset. Her raucous, friendly rapport with the crowd helped carry the show along and kept it

The Honeymoon Period

Steffi Daft ventured outside of music and politics to check out the Victoria College Drama Society's production of Neil Simon's *Honeymoon Suite*.

During the intermission after the first of the three acts of this play by Neil Simon, a friend of mine turned to me and asked if I knew why someone would choose to stage *Honeymoon Suite*. I at first thought his question was a bit mundane and not necessarily worth my time to answer, but soon I got his point: This play is a work about human complexities and the vulgarities of everyday relationships between men and women, plus it is a zeitgeist for the 1960s and, unfortunately, all of these factors add up to a quick-witted play that is sadly rather outdated and mature for a present-day audience. The players, particularly those in the "wife" roles, were adept at their interpretations of the characters and even managed to persuade the audience that they were adults and dealing with midlife crises like the best of 'em. The audience seemed mostly into the production, laughing at the jokes, gasping at the shocks and squirming during the kissing sections. Moreover, the rapport between the audience, the actors and the language play was satisfying enough so as to imply that maybe it wasn't such a bad choice in plays after all. It is only too bad that instead of choosing to adapt *Honeymoon Suite* for the 21st century, the producers chose to leave the party in the past and thus forfeited a chance at some good parting gifts.

Untitled

by I.F.

Fantastic she said
And she meant it
That was sarcasm

To know her, understand what she meant
Is to be her, an image
To the others grief, disappointment
Yes it hurts to know the truth, to see the reasoning

To know her is to be her
No longer do I believe
Change face, you can't stop it
Whatever happens don't be that She

spicy: "Happy little fucker aren't I!" Ferrick mused that she always feels to happy to be a folk singer. While she was playing she broke a guitar string, knocked her water over her equipment and was always moving to her tunes. It was a show all about letting loose and being easy, free, and completely yourself.

The Burial

...continued from the front page.

latest gossip. From distant muttering I had already overheard the weekend plans of several other people. Having no plans of my own, I was jealous, but in a way that had no method of projecting itself at anyone in particular. The fact remained that I had no idea what the weekend had in store for me, but I wished that I did. It didn't occur to me then, that what I was really angry at was my inability to control my fate. It had chosen my weekend activities, but had left me no say in the matter. Eric suggested that we take the longer way home, past the creek. I had no place better to go, so I agreed.

The long way was just that, long. It was a route that we seldom took because I usually hated the idea of walking past the park. The older kids normally waited there, and although I wasn't scared of them, I didn't need the hassle of listening to them insult me. But it was Friday, and the older kids would be just as eager as me to jump into their weekends, by procuring road hockey sticks and organizing a game on Morris Street. They wouldn't be near the park at all, making the prospect of walking past the area more tolerable.

We wound our way down Mitchell Street and through the catwalk that connected to Gouret Avenue. The two of us weren't trying to make any great pace, because this would defeat the purpose behind taking the long way. We tried to enjoy the scenery, but you can only get so much pleasure from the sight of a chain-link fence, or a pile of dead leaves. Talk between Eric and I was also limited to the usual small conversation, which let me get what enjoyment I could from the sights during the trip.

Eric wasn't much for conversation. Talking to him was like conducting a discussion with a brick wall. He usually wasn't listening to what I said, and he only comprehended what he wanted to. He was big for his age, and I liked having him around. It always helped to have a companion of great muscular ability for whatever weekend activities I had planned for the two of us in the past.

We crossed the deserted park, past the empty swing set and jungle gym. The wind made its ghostly presence known by rocking the abandoned swings, causing their long chains to ring out with hollow screams. It was odd that no smaller children were at the park, but it made our trip easier, because we could cut across the play area. The mothers of the smaller children usually frowned on this, and gave us trouble whenever we had tried walking past the playing kids.

We made our way down the grassy hill behind the playground and into the forest. It was a maze of decaying leaves and dying wood. The trees that surrounded us, loomed upwards like barren sentinels. Their leaves had fallen, and left them looking dead and ominous. The little forest path was littered with these leaves, and

had to be waded through like a deep stream. The sounds of the creek could be heard not far in the distance, wailing as the cold water dashed over the rocky creek bed.



We reached the bridge, and that's when I saw it. From the wooden plateau, it was about twelve feet down to the creek bed where a strange sight caught my eye. Down there, by the far bank of the creek, a bright red object jutted out from under a twisted tree stump. I stopped Eric and pointed it out to him. We agreed that this new thing should be explored for the sake of appeasing my

curiosity. Fate had offered us an alternative to going home, and I intended to capitalize on it.

Weaving our way single file down the thin, rocky path at the side of the bridge, we navigated the wet rocks. Reaching the creek bed, we took off our shoes, and waded through the chilly water to the other side. We used our socks to dry our wet feet, then tucked them into our jacket pockets. Our feet would be cold, but it was far better than getting your shoes wet. Getting shoes wet, or dirty was one of the deadly sins my mother had once believed all boys should refrain from. Shoes were expensive things, and replacing them was costly. Not wanting to anger her, I would rather risk frostbitten toes, than the angry tone of my mother's voice being raised against me.

Eric and I approached the twisted log. The red thing stuck out from under it like some enemy flag we had just captured. It was our prize. What it was became clear when we got closer to it. It was the cuff of a red jacket. It protruded from under the dead wood, and seemed to be calling to us to liberate it from its prison.

I wanted a new jacket, so this seemed an opportunity that I couldn't pass up. Eric mounted one side of the log (the heavier one), while I the other, and we pushed with what strength our youth permitted. The log shifted, rolled a little, and finally gave up. It slid away leaving a long scar in the dirt. Undemateh the log, the jacket had waited elusively. But it had an owner. The hollow eyes of the previously hidden form, gazed into Eric and I, cutting through our souls from the bottom of a shallow pit. It was the most shocking thing either of us had found, and it frightened us with its horrible foreignness.

My initial reaction was to turn in fear and get away from it. Eric seemed not to react at all. He stood rigidly still, his eyes fixed on it. Any terror he felt was either not showing on his face, or he simply didn't grasp the gravity of our discovery. Fear or not, any emotional response we were going to express was quickly overcome by the feelings of curiosity that usually accompany youth.

One thing was clear. It was a body. On

the rest of the details, like how it had gotten there, or who it was remained a mystery. Nor were Eric or I, left with the slightest inclination to answers these questions. Right now all we knew was it was there, it was real, and we had found it. It was now our property.

We sat there in silent conversation with each other, and the corpse for some time. Finding the body had been one of those strange and unusual things that seems more than just chance. Calling the police had never occurred as a logical course of action. To tell the truth, we were too caught up in the unusualness of the thing to risk revealing it to other people. How would other people react? My parents would probably be angry with me for going near such a horrid thing. Eric's parents would react similarly. But all of those thoughts aside, telling anyone seemed foolish.

It lay there, uncovered, in all its putrid glory, a swelled mass of grayish skin. Its two eyes were glazed protrusions from the yawning face. The mouth gaped open as if to say something prophetic, while the remnants of the tongue spilled out of its jaw. A large indent had been made in the top of the skull. I was no forensics expert, but I could easily tell that the body had been there for quite some time. In its withered hand it clutched the red jacket that had protruded from under the log.

Eric started to pace, possibly because he'd seen too much of the thing by now. I stayed focused on its grotesque visage, unable to look away. What amazed me was the notion that it had been, at one time, a living person. At some point this thing had drawn breath and had been capable of thought. It had talked to people and known things. Perhaps it had a family. Death was not something I understood particularly well, but by seeing this person's discarded form I could make an attempt to grasp the idea.

I climbed into the pit. Eric made a weak attempt to stop me, but I ignored him. I stood there leaning over it, face to face with its fractured features. I smiled. It wasn't going to harm us, as perhaps Eric was still convinced. He'd seen too many old movies. This was a gift of some kind. A morbid present for Eric and I to learn something from. Fate wanted us to gain some insight from this discovery, and we should not disappoint it.

I pulled at the red jacket in its hand, snatching it away from the swelled fingers that had clutched it. Holding up my prize, I let it billow in the wind. This was my flag, my battle standard. It symbolized everything that anyone ever wanted. It was the elusive knowledge of life that everyone is trying to get. I had found it and only needed now to uncover its secrets. I threw it over my shoulder like a cape. Eric voiced his humble disapproval of my taking the jacket, but again I ignored him.

We were still lost as to what action we should take, so we spent at least an hour deliberating it. Our ideas ranged from the simplest plan of recovering the body, to the more absurd idea of carrying it back to my house to show my parents. In the end

we settled on a plan to bury it so that no one would ever find it.

I don't know why we felt so secretive about it. It just made sense not to tell anyone about it. They might think we killed this person, or worse still, the killer (if there was one) might find us. So, in the end, a proper burial seemed the only reasonable thing to do. Eric and I would go home and get our shovels, I would get my father's Bible, and we would perform the burial ceremony.

After this was agreed on, I put the jacket back in the body's hands and we carefully pushed the log back in place. Then we traced our steps back to the creek bed and ascended the slippery rocks. Climbing back up from the creek was much more difficult and dangerous than it had been going down. At one point I lost my footing, and began to slide backwards. If Eric hadn't grabbed my arm, I hate to think what would have become of me. Eric and I crossed the bridge and quickly made our way out of the forest. We followed the long and winding road up to Venir Street and then crossed the bicycle path towards my house.

This story will be continued in the February edition of the Herald.

Iced

by Olaf Brave

(to be spoken aloud slowly)

hhhhhhwwwind
sssstings
hhwhhwhps window
cracked-a
crack-creaks
silver-smoke
it is under its spell
iced blue by chill of frozen moon
haunted by its listlessness
riissing like this spoken word

everything looks real
finally
in the binoculars
moon made of the bluest
blue cheese
windows reveal curtains
but glimmer of blue flicker within

a breath
and the snow rises like snakes
charmed by its enchanted call
that rips through to bone

swirling partners call to each other
straining but never reaching
some rising slowly and some
whipped to their chance
for blessed union
but always disappear away

light on in window
light off - a secret code?
a message to the wind?
does it ask what I ask?

ssstillness on the ground
streetlight lies
and only moon
slipping
through smoke
explains

Moving Away from the Pulsebeat

Pulsebeat's Vanessa Meadu does that end-of-year thing, sharing a few of her favorite things from 2002.

Top 6 Favourite Shows of 2002 (in chronological order)

The Moldy Peaches with the Hidden Cameras

January 10, 2002 at the Horseshoe Tavern

A night of silly happy music. Toronto's Hidden Cameras set the tone for the evening in their opening set; they made the crowd dance and sing and wildly admire the almost naked dancing go-go boys. The Moldy Peaches (from NYC) stormed through most of the tracks off their self-titled album as well as a couple of new songs. Highlights included the band's costumes (spiderman pyjamas, Elvis jumpsuits, poodle skirts), their choreographed dance routine at the beginning, and well... the whole show was a highlight. Kimya Dawson's audience interaction included yours truly, duetting on "anyone else but you"! Both bands proved to the audience that hey, we're all pretty nuts.

Canadian Music Week - Chart Magazine Showcase

With Royal City, New Town Animals, Stars, The Constantines, Buck 65 and The Chickens

March 2 at the Horseshoe Tavern

What happens when you cram some of the best independent Canadian musicians onto the same bill at the Horseshoe? Beautiful musical chaos, that's what. The thoroughly diverse set included cracked out ska/punk (Victoria's New Town Animals), white-boy rapping (Halifax's Buck 65) and sheer alcohol-and-volume noise rock (Guelph's Constantines). Memorable moment: Constantines frontman Bry Webb doing some blissed-out slow dancing with random people during Royal City's set. The chemistry that night was undeniable, and judging from the line up outside, the bands were riding

on more than just buzz.

Gorky's Zygotie Mynci

March 9 at the Horseshoe

Unexpectedly rocking. Gorky's had just released *How I Long to Feel That Summer in My Heart*, an album full of low-fi country folk songs about the sweet days of summer. So when they launched into heavy distortion and 10 minute noise jams, I was shocked and ultimately thrilled. The Welsh group's energy was boundless as they played mostly older material and got the crowd shaking.

Belle and Sebastian

May 8 at Kool Haus

Probably the most anticipated show of the year for me, the band exceeded all expectations. The Glaswegian 8-piece finally graced Toronto with their presence, delivering a brilliant and energetic 2 hour set. The sound quality was top-notch, a surprise considering past experiences at Kool Haus (the Warehouse). B&S even took requests from the audience, finally pulling a fan on stage to join them in the Stones' "Satisfaction". Perhaps the only downer was cellist/vocalist Isobel Campbell's sour face; two days later the band announced they had become a 7-piece.

Beck with the Flaming Lips

October 20 at Massey Hall

The lights! The colours! The dancing! The sound! The night was a roller-coaster ride of musical emotions with both bands bringing the audience to new highs and lows and ultimately exhausting us all of our energies.

Ani DiFranco

November 27 at Massey Hall

Ani DiFranco went solo acoustic this time, and Massey Hall proved to be the perfect setting for this girl and her guitar. Though

indulging the adoring audience with a few old favourites, Ani was determined to showcase her unbelievably good new material. Whether singing or pausing to talk to the crowd, we listened in awe to her stories, and barely noticed that she'd played for only an hour.

Pulsebeat's Favourite Albums of 2002

1. Beck, *Sea Change* (Universal):

As he scrapes his heart off the floor, Beck bares his soul in a deep moody setting, channelling old bluesy ghosts and other forlorn folk. The songs are thick enough to drown inside, you may just want to in the end.

2. Broken Social Scene, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* (Paper Bag Records): The Toronto collective thrills with emotional forward-thinking rock that isn't scared to play with computers. With music as eclectic and diverse as its members, Broken Social Scene's genius lies in its ability to do it all, and then some. Definitely music for headphones and long voyages.

3. Sigur Rós, *()* (FatCat): A colouring book for your imagination.

4. Royal City, *Alone At The Microphone* (Three Gut): A curious mix of the creepy and the carefree, this album haunts and distracts with its imagery and sense of humour. Astonishing and touching. And they're local.

5. Do Make Say Think, *& Yet & Yet* (Constellation): Haunting and melody-driven, these songs slowly build up out of your subconscious. The riffs and rhythms are gripping, confusing, paralyzing and completely fascinating.

6. Wilco, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* (Nonesuch): Moving and sad,

occasionally funny and always complicated. Jeff Tweedy & co-present a mind-melting album that keeps on giving. A ferocious yet laid-back blend of genres where the lyrics are captivating and the vocals permanently earnest.

7. Múm, *Finally We Are No One*

(FatCat): Delicate and ethereal noises fracture like ice, revealing a warm and earthy landscape underneath. A sophisticated playfulness pushes the music forward, patiently waiting for the listener to catch up.

8. Sonic Youth, *Murray Street*

(Universal): Dissonance and harmony play a never-ending game of tag as *Murray Street* perfectly captures the kind of brooding and dark loneliness that is brought on by urban decay. Kim Gordon's vocals rip through all that's shiny and bright while Thurston Moore misleads with his signature pleading vocals. You can almost hear the guitars sigh after a particularly harsh feedback assault.

9. Yo La Tengo, *The Sounds of the Sounds of Science* (Egon): Murky and delightful tales of underwater creepy crawlies take our explorative imagination to new (ahem) depths. I picture tentacles resonating in the electric ambience.

10. Interpol, *Turn On The Bright Lights* (Matador): There's a certain urgency and uneasiness in these songs that breed neither redundancy nor apathy. Interpol pursues these sensations; the driving tension and occasional cathartic moments are perfect.

(Parts of this list were previously published at <http://www.neumu.net>)
Vanessa Meadu is in 2nd year Poli Sci and English. She likes music. Do you? Send your comments and angst to innis_pulsebeat@yahoo.com.

Music From Below

Joel Elliot taps into eighties punk and comes out with the Subhumans, back in fighting form and ready to rock the new millennium.

In the early 80's what punk rock was for most people was represented by the music and antics of the Sex Pistols, The Clash and their ilk. It was a mixture of outrage and pop, and a little bit of puh rock. But the outrage wasn't about anything specific.... When the punk band, Crass, came along, they basically showed that there was reasoning behind a song like "Anarchy in the U.K." and spawned some inimitable followers who held similar political beliefs. Such artists included the now-legendary, 1980's punk rock outfit, the Subhumans.

"There was a system, and the system consisted of certain things like the church, the government, the police, the media...." My conversation with Dick Trotsky from the Subhumans was political from start to end, with me gaining a great amount of insight from a frontman of a band whose musical existence has spanned over two decades. Musically and lyrically they can be compared greatly to their forerunners,

the Crass; however, the Subhumans have an innovative sound and a surprisingly open and philosophical approach to lyrics not seen in most political bands. Dick spoke positively of changes in the scene over time; and, without mentioning his own band as an influence, cited the fact that punk rockers today are far more politically-minded, less violent, and less factional. He also mentioned changes that had happened in world politics overtime, expressing his own concern over the danger of a solitary superpower acting solely of its own accord. With songs like "Apathy," "Parasites," and "Reality is Waiting for a Bus," the Subhumans have tackled issues in their full context, rarely leaving out important perspectives on a single issue, allowing the listeners to develop their own opinions. This openness is apparent even in talking to the frontman himself, and when we discuss the state of his homeland Britain, he mentions that ignorance in Britain "may

have as much to do with the amount of rainfall" as anything else. In referring to "Reality is Waiting For A Bus", he mentions that, to realistically view a situation, "it all comes down to perspective. I mean, you can see problems everywhere, as there are problems everywhere. It comes down to how you perceive it."

The changes in music as an industry have affected the Subhumans, as well. The phenomenon of punk bands who went on to gain commercial success on major labels in the 70's with the aforementioned Sex Pistols, Clash, and so on, has reoccurred in the past decade with the success of Green Day, Bad Religion, and Rancid. While the Subhumans used to own and operate their own record label, the label has now crashed. Dick blames it largely on a change in how people buy records: It has apparently gone from "if you've got anything on a 7" with a black and white cover you will sell 2000 copies and break even," to a state where "people have to



know the band before they can afford to buy it." Needless to say, the Subhumans are still going strong, with a fairly decent following in a scene which could potentially grow in the future. As Dick says, people are becoming more and more aware and interested in punk rock with a focus to its anger. And for the generation I saw at that show with limitless anger-potential, they may join with Dick in believing that "if George W. Bush could spell anti-Christ he should be putting it on his fucking Christmas cards!"

Anti-Uniform Behaviour

It is possible to wear a uniform without sporting a tie or a kilt. With the monotony of classes and the incessant drone that the mingling thoughts of homework and escape produce in your psyche, often it is easier to hide behind the standard shirt and coat than to strike out on your own. Obviously it is not possible to step out from the fashion plate of a stocked closet every day – either for lack of energy, not enough obsessions and/or the absence of a personal dry cleaner – but it is possible to sometimes shed the precepts of society with a change of dress.

This section means no disrespect to those people who choose to follow the beaten path of fashion for whatever their reasons. But they shouldn't expect to be included here. In fact, they should expect to wake up, take notes, and hope that our fashion prowlers happen upon them in and around Innis College.

Here are the highlights from the last few weeks' scouting.

NAME: Brian Nugent

PROGRAM: Brian's special because he is no longer at Innis but we still love him and his crazy name antics so we'll include him. He's also the guy that winds your movies after screenings and the source of that eerie sobbing at the end of *All That Heaven Allows*.

ONE WORD TO DESCRIBE YOUR STYLE: "unfancy"

FAVOURITE ITEM WITH YOU: I like gray pants because they're proletarian.

RECOMMENDED STORE/

FAVOURITE SHOP: If I could shop at any store I wanted to regardless of the price, it would be Value Village, and the store that I most often shop at is Value Village (there are 16 Value Village stores in the GTA, the closest one to Innis probably being located at 1319 Bloor Street West).

EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't be afraid of Brian because he works in the A/V booth. He can be your friend. Really.



NAME: Cindy Guzman (Commuter – College and Ossington)

PROGRAM AND YEAR OF STUDY: Cinema Studies, 4th Year.

ONE WORD TO DESCRIBE YOUR STYLE: Practical...and thrifty, but not in a cheap way.

FAVOURITE ITEM WITH YOU: My hat. I keep losing it but it comes back every time!

RECOMMENDED STORE/FAVOURITE SHOP: I would recommend Alkatraz (475 Queen Street West) but I don't really shop at just one store or anywhere in particular. I just like to accumulate stuff from all over.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Besides from her obvious good taste in style, we give Cindy two big additional thumbs up for her unabashed disliking of *The Mike*. In fact, her good taste is so strong that she'll throw aside any allegiance to St. Mike's in favour of a, dare we say it, more stylish newspaper.



NAMES: Hando Kang (Innis Resident) and Indika (Commuter – Beaches)

PROGRAMS: History and Sociology, 3rd Year and Art

ONE WORD TO DESCRIBE THE OTHER PERSON'S STYLE:

Hando on Indika's style: "eccentric and very Audrey Hepburn"

Indika on Hando's style: "avant-garde Club Monaco"

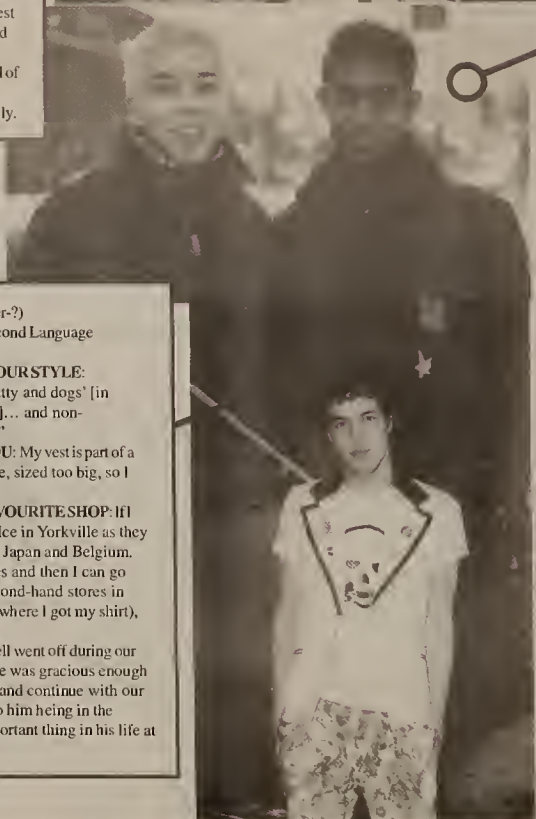
FAVOURITE ITEM WITH YOU: *Hando:* My basic gray tee-shirt because I wear it so much and it goes with everything. *Indika:* My silk, handwoven scarf because it's so nice and I love it.

RECOMMENDED STORE/FAVOURITE SHOP:

Hando: Banana Republic, Club Monaco, and Diesel (all at The Eaton Centre, 220 Yonge St). *Indika:* Holt Renfrew (50 Bloor St West) and Zara (50 Bloor St West).

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editors of this section would like to refute the recommendation of Banana Republic because of the obvious ridiculous pricing and false sense of being "better than the Gap" and also because of its name.

FYI: During the 1960s, radical thinkers developed the concept of neo-imperialism to label relationships like that between the U.S. and many Latin American countries which, while nominally independent, had economies dominated by American business interests, often backed up by American military forces. The term "banana republic" was originally a sarcastic label for such subjugated countries, ruled more by the influence of the United Fruit Corporation than by their own indigenous governments. We find this information particularly ironic in the context of our examination of "personalized" style and the dominance of prescribed ideas of one multi-conglomerate over the hapless individual.



NAME: Miguel Jacob (Commuter-?)

PROGRAM: Graduate, MA Second Language Education, OISE

ONE WORD TO DESCRIBE YOUR STYLE:

Many Words: "eclectic but... 'kitty and dogs' [in reference to his patterned pants]... and non-conformist without boundaries."

FAVOURITE ITEM WITH YOU: My vest is part of a tuxedo that my friend bought me, sized too big, so I converted it into a vest.

RECOMMENDED STORE/FAVOURITE SHOP: If I could afford it, I would shop at Ice in Yorkville as they have avant-garde fashions from Japan and Belgium. Sometimes they have great sales and then I can go there but usually I frequent second-hand stores in Kensington Market like Acme (where I got my shirt), Courage My Love and Cabaret.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miguel's cell went off during our interview with him; however, he was gracious enough to put his other affairs on hold and continue with our interview, demonstrating that to him being in the Herald was by far the most important thing in his life at that moment, as it should be.

Mexican Workers Don't Think Pumas are so Pretty Anymore

Though it is true that we here at the Herald want to help all of you out in Fashion "Never! Never! Land" get with it, we'd hate to have "it" hurt others. Thus follows our grievance with a mainstream clothing corporation for this issue. Please read the following article detailing the hardships of the Puma workers in Mexico, and, if you feel as we do, please contact the company and let them know that you're pissed and you're not gonno take it anymore!

According to the Centro de Apoyo al Trabajador (CAT) in Puebla, Mexico, aka the Workers Support Centre, 190 of the 250 active workers of Matamoros Garment initiated a wildcat strike on the morning of Monday, January 13, 2003. The workers claimed that the strike was the result of working for over three weeks with no pay, in violation of Mexico's labour laws. Workers complain that the factory, located in the central state of Puebla in Mexico, has forced them to work many hours of overtime, locked them in the factory, and signed a "protection" contract with a "sweetheart" union, denying the workers freedom of association.

Garment factories in the state of Puebla captured much attention after workers at

the Kukdong (now Mexmode) factory staged a similar strike in 2001. These workers eventually ousted the FROC-CROC, the sweetheart union also involved in Matamoros Garment, and formed the first worker-controlled garment union in the state. The FROC-CROC is a worker federation with strong ties to Puebla state government. The FROC-CROC has often been accused of not representing workers adequately.

Puebla is the state with the most garment workers in a country that is the number one exporter of garments to the U.S. Over 100,000 people make clothes in Puebla, also famous as the "FTAA Capital", as the site of FTAA (Free Trade Area of the Americas) negotiations. In contrast to the economic success of the garment industry in the state are stark labour conditions and state authorities that are notorious for their willingness to use heavy-handed repression against labour movements, including assaulting the workers with riot police and issuing arrest warrants for leaders. Two years ago, a similar demand by Matamoros Garment for back pay ended when police raided the peacefully protesting workers, leaving a number wounded. Many participating workers were then locked out and never

paid.

Matamoros Garment is a U.S.-owned factory that produces uniforms for restaurants and hospitals in the U.S. under the Angelica label, and sports apparel for the German corporation Puma. The factory employed over 1,000 workers at its peak, but most workers have recently left the factory frustrated with worsening working conditions, including late payment of wages. The workers suspect that these practices are being implemented to have workers resign, rather than being fired, which would require the company to pay severance.

The following is a letter from Matamoros Garment workers, translated by CAT and published on January 13, 2003, Matamoros, Puebla

We, the workers of the company Matamoros Gormet S.A. de C.V., have decided to stop work due to the following irregularities:

[Owed] Payment of 3 weeks and o half back wages

Unhealty cafeteria

Forced overtime

Denial of freedom [locked in the factory]

No right to freedom of association

Verbal abuse

Lack of transportation

For this reason, we need international solidarity and the solidarity of the different organizations that support labor and worker's rights.

*Sincerely,
the workers who work for the brands Puma and Angelica*

If you'd like to support the Puma workers in their struggle for workplace justice, please call and e-mail Puma CEO Jochen Zeitz at (978)-698-1124 or info@puma.com and tell him to:

1) Get someone to the factory immediately to investigate the situation.

2) Closing this factory or shifting work to another sweatshop maquiladora is not the answer. Rather, Puma should make sure that their contractor improves workplace conditions and treats their workers with dignity!

3) Make sure the company ceases all undue pressure against union leaders.

How to solve Cryptic Crosswords

"I may not mean what I say, but I must say what I mean." -Ximenes of the Observer, the Late DS McNutt

by Richard Kil

Receiving their debut in 1913 in New York's Saturday *World*, crossword puzzles quickly became a smash worldwide. While American puzzle masters stressed form and the development of inter-connecting words, English crosswords emphasized making the clues more challenging. This led to the development of the cryptic crossword. Over the decades following its creation, the cryptic crossword spread across the ocean arriving in America, and can now be found in both the *Toronto Star* and the *Globe and Mail*. Written weekly by my grade twelve math teacher, Mr. Fraser Simpson, the Saturday *Globe and Mail* contains a standard cryptic crossword whose strategies are simple to learn, yet difficult to master. Having been taught in class the secrets behind the cryptic crossword, I decided to try my hand at making one of my own. While it may not be up to standard with most puzzle-masters, you should find it a straightforward introduction to the intricacies of the cryptic crossword.

The key to solving cryptic clues is that every clue is made up of two halves, each a clue for the same word. One half is a standard crossword puzzle clue, while the other is a play on words. The first step in solving a cryptic clue is to determine which part of the clue is the crossword clue, and to determine what kind of word-play is used. While many puzzle masters use different techniques, there are certain types of clues that are found in most cryptics. The most common wordplays used are explained below. The underlined words are the standard clue, while words in bold are indicator words. Also given is the number of letters in the solution.

1. A water cleaner is a messy trifle. (6)
Anagrams - One or more words must be unscrambled to form the answer. Anagram clues must contain an indicator word/phrase to specify that the word(s) must be rearranged. Here, a "messy" trifle, is the word "trifle" rearranged to give a word meaning "a water cleaner". Rearranging "trifle" gives "filter" which is the solution.

2. The subway price sounds reasonable. (4)
Homophones - A phrase is given indicating that the clues give two words that are homophones. Examples include: "in the car," "melodically" etc. Here, another word for reasonable is "fair", which sounds like "fare," which is another word for the subway price.

3. Catches left part. (4)
Reversals - An indicator is given showing that a word(s) must be reversed. Common indicators include "left," "west," "up," "north," "backwards," etc. Here, part must be read to the left to give a word meaning "catches". The answer is "trap".

4. Quiet rustler has faith. (5)
Hidden Words - An indicator shows that a word is hidden (generally in order) within the letters of a phrase. Indicators include "holds," "contains," "keeps," "hugs" etc. Here the word "has" indicates that a word for faith is found hidden in "quiet RUSTLER".

5. Foul scream after Florida silver. (8)
Constructions and Rearrangements -

No indicator is used for constructions, but instead the words are used to build the solution. Here, "FL" is the abbreviation for Florida, "AG" is the chemical symbol for silver. The indicator for the rearrangement says where that part of the construction is placed. Common indicators include "before," "following," "in front of," "inside of," "surrounded by" etc. Here, the indicator shows that the word "rant" which means "scream" follows "FL+AG". A type of foul, as in basketball, is a "flagrant" foul so we get "FL+AG+RANT".

6. Watch the stellar alpha and omega with the end of the globe.

Chopped words - Here there are two chops. The "alpha and omega" indicator means the beginning and end of the word "stellar" and "the end of" means the last letter of "globe". Therefore, the word for "watch" is "ST+AR+E", which is the start and end of "stellar", with the end of "globe". Note that this clue is also a construction.

7. Activity wear. (5)
Double Definitions - The solution is actually clued twice. There is no indicator, but both words are synonyms for a single word. Here, both "activity" and "wear" are definitions of "sport". Generally, a clue with only two or three words is a double definition.

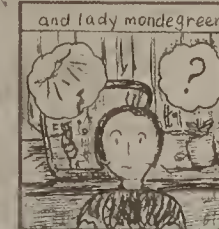
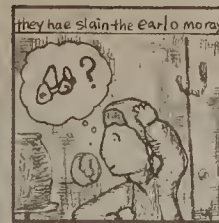
8. A snack that's not bread? (7)
The PUN? - The indicator for puns is the question mark at the end. One part of the clue is a pun for the definition. Here "a snack" means a "pretzel", which is

"not bread". Get it? Knot Bread?

9. Others:

The Double Clue - The indicator here is an exclamation mark. In these clues, the clue is both the definition, and the play on words. The play on words can be any of the common word-plays used. These are generally the most challenging clues to solve or come up with in a cryptic crossword, and are rarely used, although extremely clever.
Combinations - Generally for longer words, puzzle-masters will use a combination of the word-plays listed above. Any number can be used, and these clues are generally trickier than normal clues.

These are the basics behind solving a cryptic crossword. Be careful though. Many puzzle-masters will set up clues to intentionally mislead you, especially common indicators that are part of the clue and not the indicator. Remember that every word or phrase must be involved in the answer. This will often give you an idea as to which part of the clue is the definition. Don't get discouraged if at first the clues don't make sense. Cryptic crosswords are very frustrating, and often it is very hard to get anywhere at all. A piece of advice: remember that someone had to write the clues, so put yourself in their shoes when trying to solve them. Constant vigilance is often the key. I hope this guide and my crossword will help you on your way to solving cryptic crosswords. Good luck, and enjoy.



A Cryptic Crossword

by Richard Kil

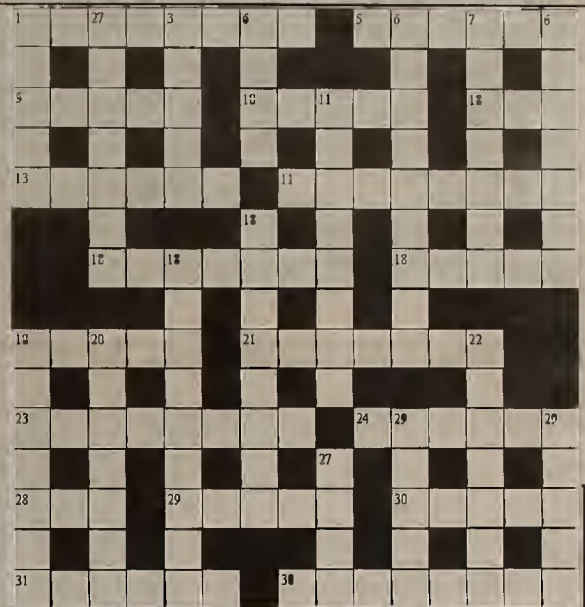
What's a cryptic crossword anyways? See Richard's explanation on page 11.

Across:

1. Obstinate tree stump given life.(8)
5. Protection of Troy.(6)
9. Henri stirred a river.(5)
10. Bump after a second drop in prices.(5)
12. Sounds like a little addition.(3)
13. Pop band medication.(6)
14. Net ionic composite in cigarettes.(8)
16. Pen backed up a song of the gas giants.(5)
18. Restore eastern USSR consumers.(5)
19. Montréalers like to reveal.(5)
21. Louis dropped half a euro in broken traps.(7)
23. A capital blend (i.e. parrot).(8)
24. He invented an onside fumble.(6)
28. Street rule without Leftists.(3)
29. Officer bug around a short generation.(5)
30. Internally bruised once left swellings.(5)
31. Act nervously in Saudi therapy.(6)
32. Shouts out: her necklace holds a heavenly cross.(8)

Down:

1. Belt street music.(5)
2. A horse is slightly unique on a cob.(7)
3. Uncommon end of Danube is good in Spanish.(5)
4. Sure screwed up a joke.(4)
6. Copy expert in making smaller.(9)
7. Only cold water equity.
8. Two, seven, and twelve before Deuteronomy.(7)
11. Cosmos pertaining to one part of the Bible.(8)
15. Extra award alarm.(8)
17. Opera: priest beer.(9)
19. Rotten meter without coins.(7)
20. I'm here now.(7)
22. Amino acid remnants.(7)
25. Carry out a pecan pastry.(5)
26. In zucchinis and a type of car.(5)
27. A bus driver sounds like a car.(4)



Events Calendar

Punch free sneak-preview

Written and directed by Guy Bennett (in attendance)
7pm, Innis College Town Hall
thurs Jan 30

Wen-Do two-day self defence course for women

Athletic Centre - sign up at AC office or call 416.578.3436
\$15 (\$25 for non-UofT members)
sun Feb 2 10am-5pm
sun Feb 9 10am-5pm

Repaying your OSAP loans Information Session

12-1pm and 1-2pm, OISE, 252 Bloor W., rm 2214
tues Feb 4

Make your own movie right now

11am-5pm, Hart House, \$50 - enrollment limited to 8
sat Feb 8, sat Feb 15

Intro to Screenwriting

11am-5pm, Hart House, \$40 - no enrollment limit
sat Feb 1, sun Feb 2

Intro to Screenwriting

11am-5pm, Hart House, \$40 - no enrollment limit
sat Feb 1, sun Feb 2

Research papers from start to finish

11-12pm each day, Roberts Library, room 4049
mon Feb 3 - fri Feb 7

Acta Victoriana

Victorian College literary journal: poetry, short stories, photography and art work. actavic@yahoo.ca, questions to Casey Gurfinkel, Editor-in-Chief at 416.964.9213 ex 2
sun Feb 9 (submission deadline)

Cinéclub coup de cœur.

Free - open to all interested.
OISE/UT, 252 Bloor W., Education Commons, 3rd floor, lab #3
email: njacob@oise.utoronto.ca
mon Feb 3: Mathieu Kassovitz's *La Haine* (France, 1995)
mon Feb 10: Luis Buñuel's *Viviré* (Spain/Mexico, 1961)
mon Feb 17: Jean-Luc Goddard's *Vivre Sa Vie* (France, 1962)
mon Feb 24: Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* (Italy, 1959)

Smoking Pot and Fundamental Justice: The Decriminalization Debate

One of the most popular profs at UofT, Alan M. Young, explains the truths about this controversial drug and the flaws it reveals in our justice system. email: crimstudents@hotmail.com
6-8.30pm, Sir Sanford Fleming Building, room 1105
tues Feb 25

16mm Cinematography

11-6pm, Hart House - enrollment limited to 8
sun Feb 9

(for more information on any of the above film workshops visit hfbf.utoronto.ca. To register email coordinator matjohnstonis@rogers.com)

"Events in the past may be roughly divided into those which probably never happened and those which do not matter."

William Ralph Inge (1860 - 1954)

Want your event here?
e-mail innis.herald@utoronto.ca